A

# Mixt Poem,

Partly Hiſtoricall, partly Panegyricall,

UPON THE

Happy Return of His Sacred MAJESTY

# Charls the Second,

AND HIS

Illuſtrious Brothers, the DUKES of *YORK* and *GLOCESTER.*

With Honourable Reflections upon ſome State-martyrs, and the Renowned Generall.

Not forgetting the *Rump* and its Appurtenances.

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By J. C. Gent.

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# To his most beloved Brother Captain GILBERT CROUCH.

Good Brother,

IT hath ever been the *Ambition of Writers to climb as high as they can to an* Honourable *Patronage, even to* Heaven *it self, if the Nobility of the subject might authorize the Presumption; Now* Poets, *rankt (especially by the more* earthly *part of the World) amongst the most airy of* Pen-men, *are priviledg'd by common Opinion to soar up with the Highest: But my present Obligations instruct me to the contrary. As* Loyalty *was the Muse inspir'd this Poem; so* Love *shall appoint the Dedication. Though my weak Muse hath sometimes borrowed the* expeditious Aids *of the Presse, yet not till now appeared in publick: As she never knew the triumphs of Fame, so she never felt the blushes of Dishonour, was never injurious to any person but her self. But in this subject, Secresy had been a kind of Combination, Privacy a privative Treason; so ill do clandestine joyes become an universall* Jubilee. *That I come behind in the reare of our* Poetique Forces, *must be imputed to some unkind contingencies; my thoughts being conceived with the first, but by some misprisions met*

*with hard labour from the midwifry of the Preſs. Nevertheleſſe, it will be honour enough for me, if I may have leave to wait upon as their obſequious ſhadows the heroick Poems of thoſe* 3. Seraphims, Waller, Cowly, *&* Lluellin, *whoſe ſudden march alarum'd both Univerſities. Mine, if they come not too early, will come ſoon enough to bluſh. But in earneſt, I muſt thank the Preſſe for a ſecond benefit, beſides the manifeſtation of my Allegiance, that it furniſheth me with a kind occaſion of acknowledging unto the ungratefull world, even in* Print, *the many kindneſſes I have received from ſo good a Brother. In fine, You, whoſe Heart and Sword ſo long maintained the* Royal Cauſe, *are obliged to protect the Heraulds of it Accept therefore,* Good Brother, (*which compellation I prefer before all Titles*) *accept of this Poem* (*whoſe onely merit is its* Subject) *as a* mark *of Loyalty to my* Prince, *and as a* Token *of my Love to* your ſelf, *from*

Your moſt Affectionate Brother,

John Crouch.

Upon

## Upon the happy Return of his Sacred Majesty *CHARLES* the Second, &c.

HAil, *Second Charls*, who (*Our Blest Phœnix*) came
From the *spic'd Ashes* of a *Martyrs* name.
Welcome (*Great Soul!*) sent to revive the Dead;
Heavens Plant! nurst up to graft a *Monarchs Head.*

Stop here, and bleed my muse---- *O Cursed Ax!*
Made victim'd Majesty pay three Kingdomes *Tax.*
Mount, mount, my Soul, mount to another sphere,
Leave my dead Trunk a *Mourning Statue* here.
Death's service is too slight, 'twill not suffice;
Our Altars ask a living Sacrifice:
If piles of slaughter'd souls could have appeas'd
Incensed Heaven, we long since had been eas'd.

*Charls*, and *three Kingdomes Life* at once return,
And chill the Ashes of that *Royall Urn*;
The Sun at his *Meridian* height appears,
Drinks up the Tribute of his Fathers Tears.

Bow, Bow, my Muſe; after ſo long a *dearth*
Of Loyalty, adore and kiſſe the Earth,
Long *cold*, but ſince the *Loyal Spring* begun
Warm'd with Reflections of the *Britiſh Sun.*
Then riſe and ſnatch, O ſnatch thoſe orient Rayes!
Twine them about thy Brows inſtead of Bayes:
Thoſe Beams which Majeſty for luſtre weare;
I muſt turn Indian Prieſt, and Worſhip here.
I'm rapt above the Moon, but muſt not ſtick
So Low, am *Sun-burnt*, and not *Lunatick.*
Sweat, ſweat, Star-gazers, till your Hearts grow pale,
You that for Lucre ſet the Heavens to ſale.
Hang thy ſelf *Lilly* in thy *Northern Chain*,
Thy darling *Swede* muſt die, and *Charls* muſt Reign:
Thou, whoſe prædictions animated ſtrife,
Go now (ſad wretch) ſpeak truths to ſave thy life.
The *Bells i'th' Strand* was crackt, it now appears,
When they rung *No King* for a hundred years.

Mr. Lilly ſaith the five Bells in the Strand, before ſeveral Perſons, proved by his Aſtrologie that there ſhould be no King in England for an hundred years.

*Fly Needham*, thou ingenious Devil, fly,
Gall'd with the late Kings helliſh *Hue and Cry*;
Before the Rope, for thy laſt comfort, look
On *Intereſt will not' lie*, that Dooms-day book;
Where thou, with a malicious Ravens pen,
Deſcribing our *Black Prince* (the beſt of men)

Mad'ſt a falſe parallel 'twixt the *Soul* and *Face*,
Better skill'd in complexions, than in grace.
Whoſe two Diurnals weekly did diſperſe
Venome and Rancour through the Univerſe;
VVhich ſtufft with Miſchiefs, Flatteries, and Lies,
Poyſon'd all, but the *Antidoted* wiſe.
VVho, when thy treaſons wanted their pretence,
*Kindly beſtowdſt* them upon Providence:
Serv'dſt every Intereſt, though with partiall odds,
Didſt worſhip two *Protectors*, thy two *Gods*.
Go black-mouth'd *Cerberus*, bark aloud and cry
'Tis *Conſcience* will not, (*Intereſt may lie*)
Tremble proud *France*, which barbarouſly ſent
Our King the ſecond time to baniſhment;
Be wiſe in time, and pawn thy *Flower de luce*,
To purchaſe, not a full peace, but a truce;
For our Queens ſake, perhaps we may be led
To give your Crown back for your Card'nals head:
That Machivilian *Cap*, who to advance
His private int'reſt more than that of *France*,
Hir'd our *Grand Rebell*, who for his full pay,
He ſent for Gold to *Hiſpaniola*.
The grateſull *Stateſ-man* could no leſſe diſpenſe
Than the whole *Indies* for a Recompence;
*Cromwell's* ambition would accept no leſſe,
Than an Exchequer might be bottomleſſe.

I cannot blame that *Tyrant of Renown*,
Who wanted Love, and Gold, to make his Crown.

Bring the *Turks Creſcent* to its loweſt Wain,
Onely be good and kind to civil *Spain*;
Prompted by Heaven t' eſpouſe the *Stuarts Right*,
*Spain* ſave thy *Portugall* and *Indies* by't.
*France* ſhall no more raiſe with a jealous ſhrugg
The *Spaniſh* Faction for the *Engliſh* Bugg;
Nor ſhall our apiſh folly more advance
The Vanities, and Antick modes of *France*;
We'l leave theo to thy fears, and cold deſpair,
Not to be heightned by the pureſt Air.
Though we are *Proteſtants*, we ſhall not ſtick
To own the *Spaniard*, *The King Catholick*:
But call thy *Red-cap*, Devil, or worſe man,
And ſcarce believe his King a Chriſtian.
Quake at your late Auxiliaries advance;
Remember, *England has a King of France.*
But where is *Crumwell*, once ſo gay and brave,
Thief of three Kingdomes, now not worth a Grave?
VVhere's that prodigious *Camell*, whoſe ſtrong back
Carried three Nations Treaſure for its *Pack*:
That *Crocodile*, that murtherer of Souls, (*ſhoals*.
The *Whale* that ſhov'd men out o'th' world by

VVhoſe

Whoſe rage ſpar'd no degree, no ſex; whoſe pride,
VVould nothing that oppoſed it, abide.

Ask poor *Tredah* the number of her ſlain,
VVhoſe ſtreets had onely *ſilence* to complain:
VVhere piles on piles of dead, wide breaches fill'd,
VVhich cool blood butcher'd, and wild fury kill'd.
One perſon (he a * *Prieſt*) the ſtorm did paſſe, * Dr. Bernard.
To tell how kind the *Sacrificer* was.
Read *Worſters* ſtory, and you'l read the ſence
Of *Crumwels* malice, and Heavens providence,
To what a low Ebb had he brought our ſtate,
VVhen one * weak *Woman* ſtood 'twixt *Charls* & *fate*. * Mrs Jane Lane.
O may ſhe never loſe her glorious Name,
Unleſſe it be t' advance her *Houſe* and *Fame*.

But they ſeem few, which horrid war deſtroy'd,
The Sword of Juſtice too muſt be his *Bawd*;
A Court's dreſs'd up in Scarlet, that the place
May ſhew the colour of his *Heart* and *Face*.
Three Kingdomes *Head* upon the Block muſt lye,
To give proud *Bradſhaw's Robes* a ſecond dye.
May courteous time his name and memory rot,
May the unmatcht example be forgot:
If the day muſt be own'd, *O let it come*,
To conſecrate the *good Kings Martyrdome*.

*Vultures kill Doves*, the blood of Innocence ſpilt;
A Kings pure blood, by th' impure hands of guilt:
As if that black Crime by deſign had meant
To give th' out-vy'd world a *new Preſident*.

*Hambleton*, *Holland*, *Capel*, (three Peers fall)
To make one Breakfaſt for this Caniball,
*Capel*, who dying ſhew'd to crown his merit,
A Roman Courage, and a Chriſtian *Spirit*.
But when great *Derby* fell, *Crumwell* began
T' uncrown the King firſt in the *Iſle of Man*.
*Derby*, that *Regal Lord*, whoſe *Loyal Head*
Deſerv'd a *Coronet* of *Gold*, not *Lead*.
*Shrewsbury* muſt ſcape, by a Divine reprieve,
So mortall 'twas to love the King and live.
All are not mark'd for Sacrifices, ſome
Heaven rates above a *Civil Martyrdome*.
But the Fiends Altar is not fatted yet,
D. Hew- Till two * *Prieſts ſacred blood* beſprinkle it,
, Low. *Penruddock*, *Slingsby*, many more muſt go,
To enlarge the book of *Martyr's Folio*.
For all this *Cromwel* breathes ſecurely, hath
*His beds of Roſes*, and his milky path,
Treads air and Pinacles; thus *Cedar-tall*,
He knowes no Earth, on which to ſtand, or fall.

Now

*Now Parliaments* are ſummon'd, but in vain,
*Wiſe Cato's all, come in, go out again.*

O ſtrange Viciſſitude of Earthly things!
*Crowns, Scepters, Thrones*, more mortall than their (Kings,
Oft dye before 'um, as if to be *High*,
Were to be *chang'd*; we riſe, we fall, we dye.
Yet *Height* is no impulſive cauſe of ill,
We might ſit high, and ſafe, could we ſit ſtill:
But we muſt move *Excentrick*, cannot ſee
VVe tread the Globe of mutability.
Honour is that great *Boon* the Gods beſtow,
Their Image ſtampt on mortals here below:
And makes them ſhine like Gods on earth, till they
Poorly their Honour to their ends betray.
Now *Vice Vertues white Herauldry* muſt ſtain,
Honour contemn'd, is mixt with earth again.
Thus is our *Ruine* meaſur'd by our *Riſe*,
And *Greatneſſe* brings the greater *Precipice*.
Now are the old Peers into corners thruſt,
Their titles mingled with the Nations duſt;
What were thoſe *Starres*, when this *black night* begun,
Borrowing their beams from that late *Man i' th' Moon*?
Now noble Stars, but *Sunleſſe* had not light
To view themſelves, much leſs t' adorn their Night:

The Heraulds office all imploy'd, to bring
*Crumwels Deſcent* down from ſome *Britiſh King.*

But fate prevents his pride, the *Prince oth' Aire*
With one good *Whirlwind* cures our long deſpair;
He that had *rais'd ſuch Earth-quakes* in his Life,
Could not depart without the Elements ſtrife,
Trees twiſted up by th' roots, and toſſed high,
Sent by the winds to bruſh th' infected Sky.
Thus, thus the proud *Leviathan* was hurld
With Curſes and black tempeſts out oth' world.

And now his gratefull Vaſſals when he's dead,
Put a rich Crown upon his uſeleſſe head,
And ſo ingeniouſly their *Mock-Prince* deride,
Emblematizing why the *poor man dy'd:*
Who with one impious gripe three Kingdomes got,
Alas, all King, except his *Name* and *Hat.*
Great *Cromwell's* gone, now *Rome* may live in hope,
Let's ſing *Te Deum* for the reſcued *Pope.*

But *Richard*, ſpurr'd on by ambitious friends,
In peace the *Protectorian* Throne aſcends;
With *ſpread arms* graſpt the *Chair*, but could not reach,
He was *too ſmall* (god wot) to fill the *breach.*

They

They that ſo near the bleſſings of a Crown
Had brought the *Old Sire*, pull the *Filly* down
Poor Squire, I pitty thy unkind advance,
Leſt heir to mercy, *thy Inheritance.*
This Mercy too had far more eaſie been,
Hadſt not poſſeſt thy Fathers *Seat* and *Sin*,
The *ſeat of Scorners* (our Protector call'd)
And from that Seat by thy own Vaſſals hal'd.

But who knows what this civil Gentleman meant?
Some ſay he ſuffer'd for this *good Intent*;
Though he the Scepter ſway'd, & ſome months ſtood,
He kept his hands *white*, dipt them not in blood:
Pull'd down the Scarlet Court; good Heavens for this
May he gain pardon, and the Kings hand kiſs.

Now the reſtor'd *Rump*, *Jehu-like* drives on,
Scorns all *Protectors*, either God, or man;
Neither confirm the Creatures, nor quite fail,
Hold the *Fanaticks* in an even ſcale.
Project on Project, Tax on Tax they raiſe,
Never had *England* ſuch *improving* dayes:
For now our pious Governours, well adviſ'd,
Turn'd *Jews*, and our Obedience circumcis'd.
Baptiſts and Quakers our ſole Princes ſway,
*Scarce one Religious man left to obey.*

The

The Orthodox to Conventicles take,
VVhile bold *Fanaticks the Church Visible* make;
VVho neither Anthems sing, nor Chapters read,
All inspir'd, as the worm crawles in their Head.
Now, now the Steeples in sad tremblings were,
Some with old Age and Ruine, most with fear.
Doubtlesse good luck preserv'd the merry *Bells*,
To ring in good time the Fanaticks *Knells*.
But see how naturall tis for one to raign,
*Lambert* for *Lambert*, *Booth* for King again:
No sooner blaz'd a *Comet* from the East,
VVhen with faint beams *The Sun* declin'd i'th'*West*;
VVithout dispute the *Almighty One* then meant
To do his work by a *single Instrument*.
*Lambert*, proud of a Victry without Fight,
Rears his hopes to a *Protectorian height*;
The Army gather into mutinous Heards,
March up, and pluck their Masters by the Beards.
The *Rump* turns backwards on a fatall broach,
Rise and do reverence to the Swords approach;
But *Lambert*, spight of *Countrey*, *Rump*, and *City*,
*Winds* up three Nations into *one Committee*,
Ycleped *Safety*; but event ere long,
Declar'd the Bastard Child was Christn'd wrong.
The *Common-wealth* is to be *Minted* new,
But what the stamp should be no *Conjurer* knew.

*O Architects* than *Babells* more unskill'd!
Strange *Platonists*, without *Idea's* build

Mean time new Workmen from the Scottish Land
Prepares themselves, with sharp tools in their hand;
Out of the frozen pole starts a good *Swain*,
Rigs up, and wheels *Charles* long-dismounted *Wain*;
The *Lambertonians* shrink, refuse to *Move*,
Encourag'd by apostate friends *Above*;
Who for a little *Coyn*, and lesse *applause*,
Leave their Lieutenant and the *Good old Cause*.

Now the *Rump* rules the Roast again i'th' East,
Serv'd up to Usher in a second *Feast*;
Up marches *George* undaunted, though he find
Armies before him, Armies left behind;
Through all the awakened Counties as he went,
The loud Aire Ecchoes, *A Free Parliament*.
The people from all parts like Snow-balls rowl,
Love and praise *Monk*, as if they knew his Soul.
No person of a *King* one word durst start,
He still sleeps safe in every Loyall Heart.
*Monk* climbs to *London*, where he found (fame saith)
His Masters half perswaded of his Faith.
They vote their *Gold* to th' *Touch-stone*, and (*O Fates!*)
Send him commands to unhinge the City Gates.

But

But the Sagacious Generall ſmells their Ends,
(To make him odious) haſtens to his Friends.
Triumphant *London* her proud Joyes expreſſes
In *Acclamations*, Shouts, and frank *Careſſes*:
The *Rump* now flye-blown, quit their ſeats, but thence
Shall not be forc'd by Sword or Violence:
But as the Hammer makes *Naile* ſtrike out *Naile*,
So the *Secluded Head* thruſts out the *Taile*.

Now, not till now, the wiſe *Myſterious Monk*
Whiſpers with *Charls* from his oraculous *Trunk*;
The Generall had (with Reverence I infer)
Onely the *King* his *Privy Counceller*.
O Secrecy, the Midwife of Deſignes!
Betray'ſt not, but bring'ſt forth thy *Golden Mines*,
Wrought and ſublim'd by Induſtry and *Art*:
*Charls* owes much to *Monks Head*, more to his *Heart*.
Had either *Fear* or *Joy* this *ſilence* broke,
Perhaps the *Thing* it ſelf had never *ſpoke*
*England* hath long ador'd a *George* in paint,
That was the *Picture*, but this *George* the *Saint*:
God acts with the ſame Methods he begun,
We had the *ſhadow* firſt, and then the *Sun*.

*Secluded Members* Act, Vote their conſent
For the juſt freedom of a *Parliament*.

They

They riſe, when forthwith from their burdned *Hives*,
Ripe *Bees* ſwarm out, all prodigall of their *Lives*:
The Bells to their new *Hive* theſe cluſters *Ring*,
Where, with one *humming Vote* they call their *King*.

*Great Charls's* call'd home, not manacl'd, nor chain'd,
But to the *height* of his juſt power maintain'd:
*Monk* was not ſo much *Presbyter* to bring
*A Royall Captive* home, inſtead of *King*,
That he himſelf might his return deplore,
As made more *Exile* than he was before.

*Charls* is proclaim'd with all Imperial *Dues*, (news.
Whileſt every hollowing *Street* ſends Heaven the
Such Flames into the aire proud Bonfires ſent,
Threatned to change the *Cognate Element*.
*E*vent, by truth, falſe *Prophets* does beguile,
*London* was (and yet ſtands) one burning *pile*:
No ſooty Pyramids of ſmoak aſpire,
Th' whole City is one *Elementall fire*:
Shouts damp all ſounds, the Air oppreſt with *throngs*,
The next great *Peſt* muſt be *Decay of Lungs*.
The active fire-works ſinſg'd the Moons bright *horns*,
The *Man* had much adoe to ſave his *Thorns*;
Light ſpeaks the Sun, Expreſſion Souls; *O then!*
What Joy, what Bonfires in the hearts of *Men*.

Clip, clip your VVings, my *Joyes*, ſoar not too high,
Leſt you unfit me for *humility*;
May the juſt *Adoration* of a *Crown*
Humble my joyes, and weigh my Raptures down.
*Great Charles*, brought upon Angels wings, appears,
*The long deſpair, of prayers, of ſighs, of tears*,
VVelcome three Kingdomes *Love*, methinks all three
Now in my *hearts* triangle *panting be*.
*Welcome three Brothers*, and three Kingdomes *Joyes*,
One *Mighty Monarch*, and two *Great Vice-Royes*,
VVelcome bleſt *Prince*, ſent in a needfull hour,
VVhom Heav'n reſtor'd to ſhew its *ſlighted power*;
O may your Reign bring back the *Age of Gold*
May *Love's* ſoft hand your Sword and Scepter hold:
Some ſay the Heavens, ſome ſay the Earth do move,
*But ſure both Globes turn on the poles of Love.*

O that the whole worlds pride ſat on my knee,
It all ſhould bend to your *Dread Majeſty*:
Since loweſt things durſt brave your Empire, now,
All heights and Pyramids under Heav'n ſhall bow.

All *hearts* are pleas'd, except ſuch *hearts* as prove
*Gall-drencht*, not born to be *below'd* or *love*;
The City now long ſqueez'd and wire-drawn, made
*The Citadel*, and *Mart of Europe-trade*:

The Ship-wrackt Merchants in full *Change* reſort,
Conceive both *Indies* brought home with the *Court*.
For ever, *London*, ſhut thy *Heart* and *Hands*
Againſt all factious and rebellious *Bands*:
'Twas time to *King* it, when thy purſe and fame
Lore'd to th' Imperious *Bank of Amſterdam*,
The Countrey has reapt a liberall crop of all
Their hopes, fancy their *Garners in Whitehall*.
The Loyal Ruſticks ſcarce a *Pſalm* will ſing,
Unleſſe each Stanza chaunt the name of *King*.
The chaſteſt *Virgins* uneſpous'd, unwo'd,
Feel *Throes* of joy, and think themſelves beſtow'd:
Law and Religion (ſick twins) gaſping lay,
Now *that* protects *this*, while for *both* ſhe pray.
The Muſes (*O Heavens*) in their ſackloth ſlain!
Are by *three Graces* brought to life again.
Burdens are balms; tax now, Sir, for your good,
Not our Eſtates, but Lives; not Coyn, but Blood:
Bleſt Halcyon dayes! if any thing annoyes
Your Kingdomes now, 'tis that you *kill with Joyes*,
Your Return had made three Realms one *Sacrifice*,
Had not their *guilt* allay'd their *Extaſies*.
*Monarch of Hearts*, the ſumme of Heavens Expence,
Heir by Succeſſion, *King* by Providence;
Heaven Crown your VViſdom, which has quencht our
Not by ſubduing *Rebels*, but the *Starrs*. (*Warrs*,

*FINIS.*